

# Running from Reality

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Summary: A burst of energy seemingly knocks a young teen from her reality and into the world of the Autobots and NEST. While the young teen wages an internal battle over which reality is hers, and which she belongs in; the Autobots wage a battle against the Decepticons, who seem to think that they have the Allspark-and not just a shard.

## 1. Chapter 1

I grabbed my board as I reached the road, waiting for the red hand to turn into a white person at the busy stoplight. As it finally did, I started walking across. Then the weirdest shit happened. The whole world sort of flickers, and for a second, I see completely different buildings. There are people where there weren't a minute ago, and cars are driving past me like I'm not a pedestrian in the middle of an intersection. The scene flickers between normal and strange five or six times, then it sticks to normal. The car next to me honks, and I jump in alarm before I realize that the 'you can cross without getting hit by a car now' light has turned back into a red hand. I dart to where the sidewalk begins again and drop my board, taking off, pushing the flashes to the back of my mind. I'd been outside nearly all day, I was just dehydrated.

I headed down Main Street North, looking at the various small businesses and dilapidated buildings. I stumbled off my board as I ran over a place in the sidewalk that was little more than pebbles, nearly running into a man walking out of an eye doctor's office. I mumbled an apology and moved off again, my cheeks flushing. I hated fucking up like that, especially in front of people. If Joe ever caught word, or saw me, he'd have endless bullying material.

I moved down the street for several blocks. Eventually I was in a part of downtown that was primarily skyscrapers and office complexes. There I quickly crossed and moved on. I had gotten about halfway down the block when the world flickered again. It was not unlike the overlay effect in Photoshop. If I squinted and focused just enough, I could make out reality behind the facade of rubble and smoke. Oh,

don't forget the giant effing robot that was coming towards me. \_What the hell?\_

Just like before, the world re-aligned and the ruins vanished. I stared blankly ahead, trying to piece together what the fuck was happening. I was seeing giant robots. Robots that clearly didn't exist, or I would be a human flapjack at the moment. It was just the heat. I needed to get home, drink some water, take a cold shower, or maybe go to the pool. That sounded fun. I just needed to get out of this damn heat.

With new determination, I got back on my board and headed home. Not ten seconds later I passed the cinema and ran into a new obstacle. \_Joe. \_A middle schooler that seemed to think I was trash. Never mind the fact that I was in 10th grade. No. he was just sooo cool. His favorite past times were street hockey, hanging out with friends, and making my life a living nightmare. I couldn't get on the school bus without him mimicking me in a high pitched voice, making fun of my clothes, or something equally stupid and immature.

So of course, on the day that I'm having some sort of heat-related hallucination, he just \_has\_ to show up. With friends, too. Maybe I'd get lucky and he'd turn out to be part of my hallucination too.

"Hey midget!"

â€| or not.

"Leave me alone Joe." I walked faster, hoping to pass him and avoid any further problems. Joe's friend, Dylan or something, sticks out his arm to block my path. I glare at him, but it has no effect.

"Are you going over to a friend's house?\_Oh, \_wait, \_you don't have any," Joe asks mockingly. I roll my eyes at him and try to go forward again, but Matt, another friend, pushes me back. I close my eyes and take deep breathes as I feel my temper peeking.

"No, Joe, I'm going home to my \_life\_, yah' know, that thing you'll never have?" I snap, pushing past Matt and Dylan. I don't get more than two steps before one of them pulls my hood. I didn't expect it, and end up on my ass. They laugh behind me, but I ignore them in favor of running off, my face hot and eyes stinging. I step into an alley between two buildings. I close my eyes and take deep breaths, trying to calm myself down before I end up crying. My throat aches with held back sobs, but I push them down. I hate letting anyone see my cry, unless I'm doing it to gain something. In that case, it's rarely genuine anyways.

It's in that moment of utter powerlessness that a wave seems to rip the air to shreds. I can see it coming, radiating out from the busier section of downtown like ripples in a pond. The air around it seems to sizzle with heat. Where it touches, the rubble that I had been seeing appears, constant and enduring. I barely had a second of warning before I'm slammed against the building behind me. My head hits the bricks with a heavy \_thwack!\_ The last thing I remember is hearing muffled shouts before I lost myself to the alluring darkness.

OooOooO

Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.

A groan escapes my lips as I crack open my eyes. A harsh light violently attacks them. Wincing, I shut them again, this time groaning freely. Slowly, I begin making out that there's noise around me. Lots of noise. I can hear shouts, clanging metal, and what might be the wheels of an old cart. Behind it all are the steady beeps and tones of machines. I cautiously open my eyes again, slowly blinking away the uncomfortable brightness as my eyes adjust.

I wish I hadn't.

I was in a hospital. There were numerous beds next to one another in what was most likely a hallway at one time, but now reminds me of the scenes of hospitals in movies after natural disasters. All the beds are occupied, and nurses rush back and forth between beds, taking vitals, adjusting IVs, and dressing wounds. Many of them appear unconscious, while others are moaning or crying out. I feel my heart pounding in my chest, the beeping noise becoming more rapid. Instinctively I take deep breaths to slow it. The beeping noise seems to echo in my ears, and I can tell I'm starting to panic.

A nurse rushes over, and I want to cry. I'm being weak, letting a machine push me towards a panic attack. Logically, I know there isn't anything to be scared of, other than what caused all these injuries in the first place. Illogically, I'm terrified by the sight of so many injured. Knowing that something managed to cause this much damage and pain in the place I thought to be safe is frightening. The injuries are sickening. The fact I'm here means I was hurt, which just makes me want to scream.

At some point I realize that the nurse is trying to talk to me, but I can't hear her over the pounding in my ears. The machine—a heart rate monitor, I realize—continues to beep insistently, which is annoying me to no end. The nurse is patting my arm now, trying to get me to focus on her, but I can't get my mind to do much of anything. Considering I can't focus very well on a normal day, this doesn't really alarm me. Then again, my thoughts are a whirlwind of chaos at the moment, and I really can't think of anything in particular other than the utter fear that feels like it's going to crush my heart.

The nurse shouts something, and I feel a prick in my arm. I want to scream at her to let me go. A dry cough comes out instead, and suddenly I can't breathe. It feels like someone poured salt down my throat. It's dry and it hurts and oh god I need air. \_

I see a plastic mask heading towards my face. The world is getting fuzzy, and my heart is pounding light a snare instead of a bass in my ears. The machine resumes its steady beeping and I find myself able to breathe again. I look around and see a nurse holding an oxygen mask to my face, looking at me worriedly. I don't understand her concern at first, until I remember I'm in a hospital. I want to laugh at myself, but that seemed like a bad idea. I reach up and pull the nurse's hand away, trying to sit up. She pushes me back down.

"You need to rest."

"I want to sit up. Please," I add as an afterthought. She hesitates a moment, but relents and goes to the back of my bed, pushing the top

up. I want to ask what happened to the fancy electric ones, but considering the number of people, I guess they were all being used by other patients.

The nurse walks away and I close my eyes. My head is throbbing slightly, and sharp stabbing pains wreak havoc in my right leg when I try to move it. I bend my left leg instead, which is sore, but doesn't hurt like the other. I'm still uncomfortable and my stomach feels like it's suffering from frost bite, but considering the others around me, I count myself lucky. It isn't long before the sedative takes over and I fall asleep.

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Beginning Notes:\*\***

Disclaimer: I do not own any rights to the characters in the Transformers series, nor do I own rights to Wave Boards, Rip Sticks, or Netflix; which are referenced, nor Photoshop, which was referenced in the previous chapter. All I own are my OCs and the plot.

I didn't get any comments last chapter from my AO3 readers, which is cool, but for all you ghost readers out there, please let me know you actually exist. :p

Also, for those of you who don't watch Cartoon Network, in 2015, Transformers: Robots in Disguise was aired. It recently came on Netflix, and I found out I missed an episode called adventures in Bumblebee Sitting. I died laughing at baby Bumblebee and Sideswipe interacting. I'm also upset that even in the cartoons they have Sideswipe without his twin :(

Anyways, plot will be moving slowly at first, but should speed up within a chapter or two.

oOoOoOoOo

"What do you mean I don't live there?" I cried. The police officer, a heavy set middle aged man, frowned at me.

"You gave us the wrong address. The residents of the address you gave us are an elderly couple with no kids. The cell number you gave us was out of service. If this is a game, I want you to realize that there could be serious repercussions," the officer explained. I huffed in exasperation, fighting to keep down my emotions.

"I'm not playing a game. I'm tired, sore, and sick of this damn hospital. I just want to go home," I complained. "I've lived at that house for four years. I know my address. I didn't give you the wrong one," I continued. I was still in the hospital, though I had been moved into a room two days ago. I should have been home, though. They were trying to discharge me, but I was a minor, so they needed to contact my parents. The police had even been called to track them down. They hadn't had any luck, and this was the third time I'd spoken to the police today. I just wanted to go home and curl up in my bed and watch Netflix.

"I'm sorry miss, but that was not your address," the officer huffed. He was clearly irritated. I looked away from the officer and stared

at the wall. I refused to let anyone see me cry. See me weak. I heard the sound of retreating footsteps and sighed in relief, glad to be alone so I could sort through my thoughts.

"Hello, Ms. Shade?"

I rubbed at my eyes before turning to face the man that stood in the doorway. He had on a suit and tie. He was fidgeting with the tie though, looking uncomfortable. Light brown hair rested above bright green eyes against sun kissed skin. A smile graced his features when he saw he had my attention, one that was obviously forced.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but we need to get a statement from everyone involved in the attack. Would you mind if I asked you a few questions?"

I shook my head in response. He stepped further into the room. Dragging a chair away from the wall and towards my bed, he sat down. He pulled a folder and legal pad out of a briefcase I hadn't noticed before. Sorting through various papers until he deemed everything adequate, he looked up at me. I turned away at that point, favoring the wall.

"What do you remember about the attack in Mission City?"

I glared at the wall, as if I could blame it for what happened that day. "It was really hot out. Seemed like any other day, yah know. Then there was this sort of a flash, and all of a sudden the things around me look crushed or smashed or scorched. The next second, they'd be back to normal. It went on like that for several seconds, then stopped. Like I said, it was hot, so I brushed it off."

The man nodded for me to continue, jotting down something, most likely notes, on his pad of paper.

"I moved on, and not far up the street it happened again. I saw it was hot out, and it was probably just a trick of the light, but I could have sworn I'd seen a giant robot," I mumbled quickly.

"Could you repeat that last part for me?" the man asked.

I took a deep breath, preparing for his laughter, wishing I'd thought ahead about what to tell people. "There appeared to be a giant robot just up the street, heading towards me. The flashes stopped before it got close."

The man nodded, jotting this down, a speculative look on his face. "What happened next?"

"I ran into some people, and ran away from them. I ended up in an alley up the street from the cinema. I was there for a few minutes when this shockwave. It was like a concussion from an explosion, you could see it moving through the air. It knocked me backwards when it reached me. I slammed into something and blacked out."

The man finished writing this down before he looked up at me again. "Anything else?" I shook my head, pulling up the sheets to cover my shoulders and burying my face into them. The man spoke again, but I didn't look up.

"I'll most likely be in contact with you again. Don't worry about the giant robot. Many of the Mission City witnesses are reporting seeing them. We believe the terrorists used a mass hallucinogen to scare the population."

I nodded meekly, already drifting to sleep. I was emotionally drained, and I just wanted to be home.

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**\*\*End Notes:\*\***

Hope you liked-but I could actually care less, I'm going to continue writing anyways XD

Anyhow, I know it's short, and I have more written up, but I don't really have a lot of time to type it up lately. Thanks for those of you who reviewed, I really do appreciate the support from my readers.

R & R Please

Thanks!

~Glyph

End  
file.